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HELLO everybody! Greetings and salutations, fellow students, professors, and alumni; we sincerely hope that the past summer months have treated you all as well as they have treated us and that every one of you are ready to dive in and tackle "the great future that lies before us." (Excerpt from most any political speech).

For the benefit of you fair-minded souls who, willing to try anything once, are reading this column for the first time, it perhaps would be best to explain the aims and ideals of these writings. For those of you who endured this last year and are foolish enough to try it again, we have no sympathy, so take it and like it.

This column (born in March, 1932) appears every month and is composed of gleanings of sense and nonsense, and bits of this and that collected from here and there. In other words, a sort of hash pot. Anything that can't be used anywhere else in the magazine is dumped here and then we call it a column. Simple isn't it? The only difficulty is that the bitter and the sweet are mixed together and we can't please everybody but we do our best.

It was our good fortune to spend the summer working for an engineering concern in the big town of Chicago and many were the adventures that we had. However, to our disappointment (?) we were not "taken for a ride" or "put on the spot," by any of the gangsters as we had feared we might be. In fact, we never saw a real gunman, to our knowledge, but we did meet a fellow who claimed to have seen one shot down so our trip was not in vain and we'll save the incident to thrill our grandchildren (a la Andy Gump) along with other tales of "the good old days." We did find, however, that they raise the children pretty tough in the Windy City. The story goes of three youngsters aged four, five, and six, who found a half-filled bottle of liquor in a vacant lot. The first pounced upon it and after quaffing a generous sample, smacked his lips and commented, "Ah, its liquor." The second one not to be outdone, snatched the bottle away, took a stiff bracer and said, "Its gin." The third and youngest following suit, took a drink, then spat it out and said disgustedly, "And its cut."

Such is life in a big city. No fooling though, being teetotalers ourselves, we were surprised to see the number of wide-open "speaks." There seemed to us to be more per capita than there were Tom Thumb golf courses here two years ago and that's going some. We were informed by those supposed to be "in on the know" that Capone's reign of terror has been decisively broken and the rule of gangdom is decidedly waning. A mighty good thing for everybody, says we.

While working in the big city, we lived in a suburb some eighteen miles from the downtown section as the

crow flies and about twice that distance as mere mortals travel. Our only means of transportation was by railroad, hence we joined that species of humanity known as commuters and as a result we have collected considerable data of interest and value to science. The true blue blooded commuter first of all carries an accurate watch which is usually propped up in plain sight on the breakfast table. Some specimens are phenomenally gifted with undreamed of abilities—such as gulping a cup of coffee with one hand, buttering toast with the other, and one eye reading the morning paper and the other one on the watch and all the while finishing dressing for the day. Your commuter also has a good wind—inhalation or no inhalation—and a good pair of legs; you try making quarter mile dashes every morning and see what it does for you. We know, we tried it. Some of Uncle Sam's best runners in the recent Olympics were raised on commuting which is the finest training in the world. We're going to let Coach Larry Snyder in on this training secret so that the Scarlet and Grey will have a great track team next spring.

The true commuter never does any business on the train while enroute to the office. Only once did we catch one going over a business report and he did it quite stealthily. Must be some law against it. Most commuters read the newspapers of course or at least look at the pictures. Some sit and think—others just sit; many of the men about town take advantage of the opportunity and sleep, some quite noisily to the annoyance of fellow passengers. A few were found to be studying; the subjects ranging anywhere from the life of a flea to the tariff in Abyssinia. One young lady who invariably rode the same train with us, carried her sewing and made use of the time in making "little garments"—Oh me!

But in "our" suburb, just across the street from the railroad station, was a little cigar store that had a monopoly of some sort on the sale of newspapers in the village, disposing of over 3500 papers every day. Consequently, just before train time there always was a constant stream of people flowing in and out of the two-by-four store, and a traffic cop was stationed at that place for no other reason than to hold traffic back at train time so that no commuter would commit suicide by dashing out of the cigar store and knocking over a few autos in his mad effort to make the train. At times the passenger traffic purchasing papers is terrific and the story is told that once one fellow dropped his money while in line and before he could pick it up, the train had pulled out and forty people missed it. We never heard what they did to the unfortunate fellow although we have an idea.

The editor has just broken in and insisted that we give you fellows a break until next month so we will have to sign off until November when we hope to tell you a little

(Continued on Page 23)

The Spark Plug

(Continued from Page 9)

more of the city of Chicago as well as all the choice scandal of our own campus.

Very shortly we are going to put up a few boxes at convenient points in the engineering buildings for contributions to the Ohio State Engineer. (Don't go 'way world, we're asking for literary, not financial contributions). We would like to take this means to ask all of you fellows to cooperate with us and drop into these boxes any campus news of interest, any funny incidents that have happened, or anything you may have to say to the magazine, caustic or otherwise. We would greatly appreciate any suggestions or criticisms, so fire away and we'll see you in November.